



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 12.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 534.

# THE GLEBE HOUSE;

A TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

HER tears fell as she perused it—oh! was thy own felicity perfect, she cried, what rapture should I feel. Forget thee Coverly, no no—thou may'st perhaps be remembered too tenderly for my peace.

The portrait was wrapt in a paper which contained the following lines.

To seek that bosom, pensive shadow go,  
Where lillies droop beneath the purer mow,  
Where Virtue dwells, with her attendant Peace;  
And soothing Pity shews her cherub face.

Go pensive shadow feel that beating breast,  
Which learns to sigh, when others are not blest,  
Which pants with anguish at another's woe,  
And justly thinks, from goodness ease must flow.

With Guido's pencil, had I power to trace  
The blessing beauties of that artless face,  
Unequal to my task, I still should find  
No human power could personify the mind.

To execute the office, then should come  
The banishing Cupid with a hisping tongue,  
The pencil he should use, should be his dart,  
And stamp the image on my yielding heart.

Constantia very eagerly gazed for the portrait. It was indeed a pensive shadow, for the limner had thrown into the countenance all that look of dependency for which Coverly was so remarkable.

'Tis probable she might have staid hours contemplating it, had not her mother waked and hastily called her to bed.

In the morning, they were ushered into a magnificent saloon, where a sumptuous breakfast was prepared; his lordship, if possible, was more assiduous than the preceeding night.

After breakfast, he conducted them through a long serpentine walk to a plain, opening in front to a spacious river, and encompassed by an amphitheatre of trees, an awning of light silk, spread over some of them, formed a kind of bower—where they seated themselves on a bank of turf, embroidered with the gayest flowers.

Two gaudy barges were lying on the river, occupied by a number of young men dressed in uniform; soft music played and seemed to steal along the waters, till at a signal given by his lordship, the barges set off to a small island, the destined goal for displaying their abilities.

On their return, the victor immediately landed, and coming to the bower, modestly bent his knee to Constantia—his lordship presented her a chaplet of artificial flowers and begged she would reward merit—blushing, and confused at this piece of gallantry, with a trembling hand she decked the brows of the youth.

You may now, cried his lordship, esteem yourself the happiest fellow in the universe, since rewarded by the hands of beauty;—Oh! with what rapture would I be bound with the flowery fetters of love.

Constantia blushed, but made no reply.

Numberless other devices were practised to divert and beguile the hours.

At length they were led to a rustic building, embosomed among the loftiest trees; where a collation was laid out, which presented every luxury that wealth could purchase.

His lordship, had indeed been assiduous in procuring what he thought most calculated to tempt, betray and intoxicate the senses; while his unsuspecting victims gave hopes, by the pleasure manifested, that his trouble would be soon recompensed.

He entreated Constantia to sing in the course of the evening, she at length yielded to his importunity—or rather, the command of her mother, and sung, from the Hermit, of Goldsmith.

"The blossoms opening on the day,

"The dews by Heaven refin'd,

"Could nought of purity display,

"To emulate his mind."

Lord Stanville pressed her hand and sighed—such was the gentle pressure she had from Coverly, when sitting by him, she sang in this manner—such the profound sigh that heaved his bosom;—she raised her eyes replete with most bewitching softness, and gave a look that sunk to his lordship's soul.

Her mother was enraptured with every thing; nor till this period, imagined she ever knew perfect felicity.

Alas! such is the delusions vice so frequently spreads before our eyes, thoughtless we rove in its flowery paths; nor perceive, till the poignant sting of sorrow comes, those rocks and quicksands, which so temptingly were covered.

Lord Stanville left them to give some orders to his attendants;—Miss Somers was rambling about with Jasper, who was comparing her to all the beauties of antiquity, as the most finished originals, in his opinion, while his mother was stealing after, to listen to his gallantry.

As Constantia was going to follow them, she felt her gown suddenly twined, and turning, perceived a servant, who, with a significant look slipped a paper into her hand, and ran off.

Surprise for a moment deprived her of the power of perusing its contents—judge of her amazement and horror, when she read as follows:

"Let innocence beware—there's treachery on foot.—Fly! ere the shades of night afford an opportunity for the contemplation of the darkest design.—The bearer will conduct you to a place of security;—be guarded, if you hope to escape."

Oh! my father, why did we leave you? oh! Coverly, my Coverly, exclaimed Constantia, why are you not here to protect us?

A flood of tears relieved her from that distraction, which in the first moment had overwhelmed her senses—she resolved on collecting all her fortitude, and acting with that circumspection, which her unknown guardian had desired.

As she was quitting the retreat, Jasper appeared to acquaint her, that Miss Somers and her mother were going to the house, and requested her to follow.

She instantly communicated the contents of the letter—all on fire at the designed injury, he was for venting openly the impetuosity of his passion, had she not conjured him to the contrary.

She represented to him, how unavailing the display of either resentment or resistance, surrounded as they were, by minions of the monster—that, their only resource was, for him to seek the servant; she was assured he would befriend them, and was determined, with his assistance, to fly the baneful mansion.

With words like those, Constantia won her brother to conviction, he went in quest of their humble friend; while she, trembling with horror, pursued the footsteps of her mother.

When they reached the house, she made an excuse for going to her apartment, to change her hat, which was damp with dew and unnoticed, whispered her mother to follow.

After securing the door, she acquainted her with the source of her terrors—to describe those of her mother at that moment, is impossible, all her flattering prospects vanished—humbled to the dust; experiencing all the agonies of self-accusation.

Raising her streaming eyes to that fair blossom, which she had torn from its native shade, and exposed to the pestilential blasts of iniquity; like the wandering dove, how joyfully would she have fled to the sheltering arms of her husband—she could not speak.

Constantia, shocked by the distress of her mother wept upon her neck, and besought her to be composed;—Heaven, she said, ever protects the virtuous.

Jasper softly tapped at the door, attended by the servant, who conducted them down the back stairs, into an orchard, at the extremity of which, was a bye road; a coach was prepared, into which they eagerly entered, Jasper first flourishing his stick, and vowing revenge; declaring, he disapproved highly of this inglorious flight—the way would have been—to challenge—and in single combat, chastise—thus did the heroes of antiquity.

Fast as the horses went, they could not keep pace with the wishes of Mrs. Owens and her daughter; at length they stopped, as well as they could discern by the faint light which a few stars afforded, at a large edifice.

They were conducted into a parlour, where they beheld a lady and gentleman, the terrors which had taken possession of them, subsided almost instantly at their appearance.

The gentleman was old, and from a certain dejection in his look, appeared perfectly acquainted with sorrow; his grey hair was thinly spread upon his forehead, a placid lustre in his eyes denoted how brilliant they had been in they gay morning of youth, a faint hectic tinged his cheek; and the softest sensibility overspread his countenance.

Constantia had eyes for no other object, she felt a pleasing awfulness at his sight—her brother, however, thought there was one still more attracting in the room, and could not forbear gazing at the young lady, though he blushed at the same time; she was about eighteen, with a beautiful simplicity in her looks.

Welcome! thrice welcome! to this mansion, exclaimed the old gentleman—forever blessed be



the hour in which Providence made me the humble instrument of preserving a family from destruction--yes, made a comrade of me, taking Mrs. Owen's hand, I consider myself particularly fortunate, in being enabled to save you from that heart-rending distress you would have experienced, had the basest of schemes been executed.

[To be continued.]

#### EDWIN'S URN--A FRAGMENT.

"SOLITUDE! Thou hast lost thy power of charming!" said the weeping Emma, as she was undressing Edwin's urn with the tears of love.

"No more with pleasure do I sit on the foot of yon oak, and listen to the sweet notes of the feathered choir, as I was wont when Edwin lived. Alas! my Edwin, will you no more lead me to the shady bower, and tune your pipe to Emma's praise? Peace, ye birds! Edwin no more echoes your melodious tones in mild symphonic song. Droop, hang your heads, ye flowers of the field: no more will ye be plucked by Edwin's hand, to grace his Emma's hair."

Sighs, soft as the gentle zephyrs, stole from the fair mourner's heart.

"Why buries the intrusive sigh? Why falls the unavailing tear? Will these recall my Edwin from the tomb? Alas! No. Would to heaven!--the paused--" Yes, it must be!--The heaving bosom pants for rest--the threatening eye is filled with peace. "Edwin! shall I leave thee? It is only for a moment; then shall we meet and part no more."

She arose and sweetly spoke a fond farewell--

"Mild breath of spring! fan lightly his grave. Feathered songsters of the air! perch on the weeping willows, and, in plaintive strains, sing his many virtues. Foot of the passing stranger! rest a while at his tomb. Children of the finer feelings! give a tributary tear; let it fall on Edwin's urn. Hush! all is silence; the songster of the vale is mute; the lambkin sports not on the mead: all are hushed to repose. Though silence universal pervade, and solemn stillness rules around--yet me thinks it is the language of eloquence, the praise of my Edwin. No longer can we warble the soft notes of love; no more can we loiter on the green, for Edwin sleeps in the dust, and his Emma is sad. Stop! Sol shrinks from the embraces of the day, and hides his face behind the western hills. I will hasten and seek some sequestered spot, near Edwin's last mansion. At morn, noon, and eve, will I visit the sacred abode; bask the tomb with my tears; and oft kiss the garment that shields his remains: then peacefully retire, and hide my inward grief from the world, unknowing the cause of my woes."

Ten solar revolutions have since passed away: the village swains press Emma to love, as she is loved: tears forbid entrance: the answers them not: but waving her fair white hand, true as the needle to the purl, it points to Edwin's urn.



#### ANECDOTES.

THE late Dr. Howard, of pleasant memory, collected a brief with the parish officers of St. George, Southwark, where he had been many years Rector, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he inquired if he was not some trifler in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favor of the tradesman: the doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea, Mr. Fig, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprise, exclaimed, "Good God, Sir, you seem to have got a stranger there!" "Indeed I have, Mr. Fig," replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "and before we part we shall be better acquainted."

AN honest Hibernian, whose BANK-POCKET (to use his own phrase) had STOPPED PAYMENT, was forced to the sad necessity of promulgating the three A's at Manchester two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodging, when accidentally hearing a prison talk of the LYONS-HOSPITAL, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me! honey where is it? for by St. Patrick I've been LYING-OUT these two nights."

#### OSRIC--THE LION!

A ROMANCE.

By M. G. Lewis, Esq. author of the Monk.

SWIFT roll the Rhine's billows, and wave the plains,  
Where Falkenstein's Castle's majestic remains  
For moss cover'd ruins still rear:  
Oft roves the gaunt wolf 'mid the ruins to prowl,  
What time from the battlements pours the lone owl  
Her plaints in the passenger's ear.

No longer resound thro' the vaults of yon hall  
The song of the minstrel, and mirth of the ball;  
Those measures for ever are fled;  
There now dwells the bat with her light-flashing brood;  
There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,  
And all is dark, silent, and dread!

Ha! Dost thou not see, by the Moon's trembling light  
Directing his steps, where advances a Knight,  
His eye big with vengeance and fate?  
Tis Osric--the Lion, his nephew who leads,  
And swift up the crackling old staircase proceeds,  
Gains the hall, and quick closes the gate.

Now round him young Carloman casting his eyes,  
Surveys the sad scene with dismay and surprise,  
And hark! steals the tale from his cheeks;  
His spirits forsake him, his courage is flown;  
The hand of Sir Osric he clasps in his own,  
And, while his voice falters, he speaks:

"Dear uncle," he murmurs, "why linger we here?  
"Tis late, and these chambers are damp and are drear,  
"Keen blows thro' the rooms the blast!  
"On! let us away, and our journey pursue;  
"For Blumberg's cattle will rise on our view,  
"So near Falkenstein's forest is past.

"Way toll this your eye-balls? Way glare they so wild?  
"On! chide not my weakness, nor frown that I could  
"Should view these apartments with dread;  
"For know that full oft have I heard from my nurse,  
"Tare till on this castle has rested a curse,  
"Since innocent blood here was shed!"

"She said, too, bad spirits, and ghosts a-tan white,  
"Here use to rove at the dead time of night,  
"Nor vanish till breaking of day;  
"And still as their coming is heard the deep tone  
"Of a bell--loud and awful--Hark! 'twas a groan!  
"Good uncle, on! let us away!"

"Peace, serpent!" thus Osric--the Lion replies,  
While rage and malignity glom in his eyes;  
"Thy journey and life are nigh close;  
"Thy cattle's proud surrets no more shalt thou see;  
"No more behest Blumberg's Lordship and me  
"Shalt thou stand, and my greatness oppose.

"My brother lies breathless on Palestine's plains,  
"And thou once remov'd, to his noble domains  
"My sight can no rival deny;  
"Fare, trophus, prepare on my dagger to bleed;  
"No weapon is near, and I yet am decreed,  
"Committed thee to Jesus, and die!"

Thus saying, he seizes the boy by the arm,  
Whole grief reads the vaulted hall's roof, while alarm  
His heart of all fortune robs:  
His limbs sink beneath him; distracted with fears,  
He falls at his uncle's feet, bathes them with tears,  
And--"Spare me! O! spare me!" he sobs.

But, ah! 'tis in vain that he strives to appease  
The infernal; in vain does he cling round his knees,  
And sue in soft accents for life:  
Unmov'd by his sorrow, unmov'd by his prayer,  
Fierce Osric has twisted his hand in his hair,  
And aims at his bosom a knife;

But ere the steel blanches with blood, strange to tell  
Self-truck, does the tongue of the hollow-ton'd bell  
The presence of midnight declare:  
And while with amazement his hair bristles high,  
Hears Osric a voice, loud and terrible, cry,  
In sounds heart-appalling--"Forbear!"

Straight curses and shrieks through the chamber resound,  
With bellish mirth mingled; the walls rock around;  
The groaning roof threatens to fall;  
Loud blows the thunder; blue lightnings still flash;  
The casements they clatter; chains rattle; doors clash;  
And flames spread their waves through the hall.

The clamour increases; the portals expand;  
O'er the pavement's black marble now rushes a band  
Of demons, all dropping with gore,  
In village to grim, and to monstrous in height,  
That Carloman screams as they hurt on his sight,  
And his without lease on the floor.  
Not so his fell uncle; he sees that the throng  
Impels, loudly shrieking, a female along,  
And well the sad spectre he knows:  
The demons with eager her steps onward urge,  
Her shoulders with whips form'd of serpents they scourge,  
And fall from her wounds the blood flows.

"Oh! welcome," she cried, and her voice spoke despair;  
"Oh! welcome, Sir Osric, the torment to share,  
"Of which thou hast made me the prey:  
"Twelve years have I languish'd thy coming to see,  
"Ulrida, who perished dishonor'd by thee,  
"Now calls thee to anguish away!"

"My ruin completed, thy love became hate;  
"My hand gave the draught which consign'd me to Fate,  
"Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl;  
"Unfit for the grave, stain'd with guilt, I well'd with pride,  
"Unblest, unrepentant, I died,  
"And demons straight seiz'd on my soul!"

"Thou com'st, and with transport I feel my breast swell;  
"Full long have I suffer'd the torments of hell,  
"And now shall its pleasure be mine?  
"See, see, how the fiends are a thrift for thy blood!  
"Twelve years has my pining heart furnish'd their food,  
"Come, wretch, let them feast upon mine!"

She said, and the demons their prey flock'd around;  
They dash'd him with horrible yell on the ground,  
And blood down his limbs trickled fast;  
His eyes from their sockets with fury they tore,  
They fed on his entrails all reeking with gore,  
And his heart was Ulrida's repast.

But now the grey cock told the coming of day;  
The fiends with their victim straight vanish'd away,  
And Carloman's heart throbb'd again;  
With terror recalling the deeds of the night,  
He rose, and from Falkenstein speeding his flight,  
Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

Since, then, all with horror the ruins behold;  
No shepherd, though stray'd be a lamb from his fold,  
No mother, though lost be her child,  
The fugitive dares in these chambers to look,  
Where fiends nightly revel, and gaily ghosts frolic,  
In accents most fearful and wild!

On! shun them, ye Pilgrims! though late be the hour,  
Though loud howl the tempest, and fall fast the shower,  
From Falkenstein cattle be gone!  
There still their sad banquets Hell's denizens share;  
There Osric--the Lion, still raves in despair;  
Breathe a prayer for his soul, and pass on!



#### ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1775, at Bolton, a Centinel was placed at the door of a Clergyman of great wit to keep him, as was supposed, from having any communication with the British. The Reverend Doctor one day wished for a quarter of meat from the market, applied to the household centinel to go to the market and bring it; but he replied he was placed there to guard his reverence. Never mind that, replied the Doctor, putting on his robes, give me your gun and cat-o'-whisker, and I will keep entry until you return. The man complied, and the Doctor was, to the great mirth of all the neighbors, seen walking before his own door, in that ludicrous attire, till the man returned with the meat.



#### DETACHED SENTENCES.

A virtuous and well disposed person is like to good meat; the more he is fired, the more he is refined; the more he is opposed, the more he is approved; Wrong may well try him and touch him, but cannot imprint on him any false step.

A Prince without justice, is like a river without water. Though we have a thousand friends, still we lack more; but one enemy is too much.

A rich man, without liberality, is like a tree without fruit.



## RETURNING HEALTH.

ONCE more, blest'd city, Health doth in thee dwell,  
From thy aspiring domes the solemn bell  
Doth raise accout the ear. The funeral knell  
No more the alarming solemn tale doth tell.

We view'd thy furrows flung with poignant grief,  
Pity'd alas! but could not give relief,  
For death came talking with terrific frown,  
Dated his fatal arrows thro' the town,  
Spar'd not the good, the useful, young nor brave,  
But mark'd them out as victims for the grave.  
O'er scenes like these we frigh would cast a veil,  
For nature shinks when told the mournful tale.  
See health once more in rosy smiles appear,  
Glow in each feature, and dispels your fears.

Now bounteous goodness leads you joy and pleasure,  
And plenty from her stores pours in her treasure,  
And every heart and tongue may rapturous sing  
The wondrous bounties of all-wise King.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1798.

WITH pleasure the Printer again presents his Patrons and Subscribers with the WEEKLY MUSEUM. He conveys apologies superfluous. The awful and distressed situation of the city,

"When Death in fallen silence walk'd our streets,  
"Contagion's horrid form preceding his steps,  
"And in his rear flow mov'd the solemn hearse."

rendered it a duty due his family and self, to suspend his publication for a few weeks. It is now resumed, and he flatters himself that his exertions to please, will merit a continuance of their patronage.

Such of our Subscribers, who left the city previous to our last publication, (Saturday Sept. 1.) and have not returned to their former residence, will please to send for their paper, or leave their address.

\* Our Subscribers will please to observe that they are not charged from dates, but from numbers, 52 papers making a year.

Number of Deaths in this city, from Saturday the 3d inst. till Thursday the 9th inclusive.

Saturday,	3,	of the fever,	1
Sunday,	12		7
Monday,	10		4
Tuesday,	5		2
Wednesday,	11		3
Thursday,	4		3
	45		18

## HEALTH COMMITTEE.

The Health Committee for the relief of the sick and indigent in the city of New-York, beg leave to congratulate their fellow citizens, that under Divine Providence this long afflicted city is once more returned to its usual state of General Health, and with the most heartfelt pleasure inform those who remain in exile, that although a few cases of the pestilential fever exist, yet that by the late cold weather and frost, the contagion is so far destroyed as to render the return of their families to the city perfectly safe, provided they take the necessary previous measures of cleansing and ventilating their long unair'd dwellings, and providing the bedding and clothing which have been left therein during the prevalence of the fever.

It would have afforded the committee much satisfaction could they have given this invitation at an earlier period, but they did not conceive themselves warranted by the then existing circumstances. There have until the present moment been several new cases of the fever, particularly among those citizens who returned earlier than the committee thought prudent, many of whom have fallen victims to the devouring pestilence. This, among other circumstances, has induced the committee to withhold this invitation until the present time. The committee beg leave further to inform their fellow citizens, that from the numerous applications from the indigent for relief, they find it absolutely necessary to continue their labors sometime longer.

N. B. The Committee continue their meetings at the New Almshouse, where they will thankfully receive such donations as may be offered for the relief of the poor.

Last Sunday morning the body of a woman, seemingly about 24 years of age, was found on the Wilmington road, in the State of Delaware, a little beyond Naman's creek, with her throat cut into the bone of the spine--her left hand was deeply wounded, probably in the struggle she made to save her life. Her dress was pretty nearly that marked as "gay quakers;" she wore a white gown, white gloves, white lawn bonnet, green petticoat, and a drab cloak.

From papers found in her pocket, her name would seem to have been PATTY ADAMS, and that she lived with Square Blackwood, Raccoon creek, Jersey, from the 4th July till the 6th September.

It is not doubted that the pure morals and love of justice prevalent in the United States, will lead to the detection of the monster who perpetrated the horrid, bloody, and nefarious murder. It seems the unfortunate victim was pregnant, and it is apprehended that her seducer, under pretext of marriage, made occasion to immolate both the mother and child.

The wife of Mr. James McDonald, of Whitestown (Mowhawk county) lately got so enraged with her infant child, that she threw it into the fire, and burnt it to death! For which monstrously inhuman and barbarous act, she is condemned shortly to end her days in the same awful manner!

A Mr. Henry W. Hunt, formerly of Boston, but lately store keeper of Portland, is apprehended in the latter town, upon a suspicion of setting fire to his store. Goods being insured by him to the amount of 5000 dollars, at the Boston Fire Insurance Office. The Supreme Court does not set at Portland till July next.

A London Editor, says, he has heard the French intending offering Gaudeloupe to the United States, as security for indemnity for spoliations!

The expedition of Buonaparte, and the secrecy with which it was planned by the French government, is certainly unprecedented by any thing of a similar nature; for, at the moment when every person expected an invasion of England to take place, (and which they were more firmly led to believe by the construction of the large sails in the different ports of France) Buonaparte set sail from Toulon with an immense fleet of ships of war and transports, the object of which still remains a secret; then the political inquirers of Europe, racked their inventions to find out the place of his destination; conjecture after conjecture was made, and the last always contradicted the former; one account brought intelligence that he was directing his course towards Ireland; another that his fleet was seen near Sicily, and admiral Nelson within a few hours sail of him: when lo! the first certain intelligence we received of Buonaparte after his leaving Toulon, was his arrival in Malta, and the capture of that Island by the forces under his command; after his departure from Malta political speculators and newsmongers were more than ever puzzled to find him out; various were the rumours concerning him; intelligence was manufactured in all quarters; Nelson had overtaken, engaged, and defeated him, taken eleven sail of the line, and Buonaparte himself; the British admiral's ship (74) grappled with a French three decker, sunk her, and not being able to disengage herself went down likewise; again, Buonaparte defeats Nelson, and captures a number of his ships; at length, something like probability appears; we hear that Buonaparte is arrived at Alexandria, in Egypt, and that Nelson had not met with him. He is now stated to be between Alexandria and Cairo, contesting with an army of Arabs, where we must leave him for want of further information.

Report says the Dey of Algiers with whom America had established a treaty, was beheaded, with his ministers and secretary, and that his successor demands of the United States, 600,000 dollars, as the only condition of a continuance of peace. This is given as information that may be relied on.

Sir John Barlake Warren, and Sir Edward Pellew, have realized fortunes by their captures from the enemy, of nearly an hundred thousand pounds each.

## COURT of HYMEN.

BE intellectual pleasures only thine,  
Connubial joys, which all our thoughts refine,  
Such as, in Eden known, from love arise,  
Exalting mortals almost to the skies.

## MARRIED

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. WILLIAM HERTELL, to Miss JANE DOVER, daughter of Mr. John Dover, all of this city.

## MORTALITY.

THIRCE happy each lamented son,  
Safe landed on some happier shore!  
Whole short-tim'd glafs to soon is run,  
And death shall never pain him more.

## DIED,

On Saturday the 9th of September, of the prevailing fever, in the 17th year of his age, Mr. HENRY HODGE, one of the clerks in the Custom House, son of Mr. Ralph Hodge, of this city.

On Thursday last, WILLIAM BEDLOW, Esq. in his 76th year, after a lingering and painful illness, which he bore with Christian Fortitude.

## MRS. PIRSSON

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public, that her BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL is again opened for the reception of young Ladies, at No. 24 Rutgers-street.

## TERMS

English Grammar, Reading, Plain-works and Marking, 3 dollars per quarter. Dittos, with fine Needle-works, Writing, Arithmetic, and Geography, 5 dollars per quarter. Board, with the above branches, 125 dollars per annum. Music and Drawing on the usual Terms.

New-York, Nov. 10, 1798.

32--1m

## EDUCATION

The subscriber has again opened his School at no. 91 Beekman Street. EVENING SCHOOL taught by Messrs. JONATHAN and JOHN B. FISK.

Nov. 10, 1798.

JOHN COFFIN.

32--1f

## GERMAN FLUTE and VIOLIN

TAUGHT BY Mr. BINGLEY,

WHO takes this method to inform his scholars and friends, that he has removed to No. 115 William-street, where he continues his instructions on said instruments.

Nov. 10, 1798.

32--1f

## EDUCATION.

NATHANIEL MEAD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened his School at No. 13 Nassau Street, where his usual and punctual attendance will be given. EVENING SCHOOL is also opened at the above place.

Nov. 7. 32--1f

## GAD ELY

WOULD inform his friends that his School is opened again, at No 91 Beekman Street. Nov 7, 1798.

## PRINTING

In all its Branches, Executed with Neatness, Accuracy and Dispatch.

Books, Stationary, &c.

of every description, for Sale on terms as reasonable as any in the City.

## PLATE POWDER.

THIS Powder which has been universally approved of for cleaning, polishing, and beautifying of Silver Plated Ware, or Britannia Metal, continue to be sold at Wm. Husband's, no. 166 in William street; also, Furniture Balls, and Green's famous Spit Ball for cleaning, polishing and beautifying of Shoes, Boots, &c. which dont soil the flocking in the leath, and the leather is preserved by this Blacking alone.

303t 1





## COURT of APOLLO.

When the plague raged in Holland in the year 1636, a young girl was seized with it, had three carbuncles, and was removed to a garden, where her lover, who was betrothed to her, attended her as a nurse, and paid the most scrupulous attention to every of her wants. He remained uninfected, and she recovered, and was married to him. The story is related by Vinc. Fabricius in the Miscellaneous Curiosa, Ann. II. Obs. 188, and thus beautifully verified in Darwin's Botanic Garden.

### THYRSIS AND ÆGLE.

THUS when the Plague, upborne on Belgian air,  
Look' thro the mist and shook his clotted hair,  
O'er shrinking nations steer'd malignant clouds,  
And rain'd destruction on the giping crowds,  
The beautiful Ægle felt the venom'd dart,  
Slow roll'd her eye, and fertile throbb'd her heart:  
Each fervid sigh see n'd flatter than the last,  
And starting Friendship thunn'd her, as she pass'd---  
With weak unsteady step the fainting maid  
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade,  
Sinks on the pillowy mofs her drooping head,  
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed  
-- On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,  
Shades her from winds, and shelters her from dews;  
Extends on tapering poles the canopy roof,  
Spreads o'er the straw-wove mat the flaxen woof,  
Sweet buds and blossoms on her bosom strews,  
And binds a kerchief round her aching brows,  
Soothes with soft kifs, with tender accent charms,  
And clasps the bright infection in his arms---  
With pale and languid smiles, the grateful fair  
Applauds his virtues, and rewards his care;  
Murmurs with wet cheek her fair companion fled  
On timorous step, or numbered with the dead;  
Calls to her bosom all her scattered rays  
And pours on Thyrsis the collected blaze;  
Braves the chill night, caressing and caress'd,  
And folds her hero-lover to her breast:  
Lies bold, Leander at the dusky hour,  
Ey'd, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower;  
Breathed with struggling arms her tossing wave,  
And sunk benighted in the watery grave.  
Lies bold, Tobias claim'd the nuptial bed,  
Where seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled;  
And drove, instructed by his angel guide,  
The enamour'd demon from the fatal bride,  
Sylphs! while your winning pinions fann'd the air,  
And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair;  
Love round their couch effus'd his rosy breath,  
And with his keener arrows conquer'd death.

### ANECDOTE.

A Soldier in the British army, in the late war, was sentenced to the halberd for an infraction of the laws martial. An Irish drummer, in administering the discipline, misapplied his strokes, by striking too low. "My sweet fellow, says the sufferer, strike hi her." The drummer varied his stripes; but the man's complaints continued. "Faith, fir, says Teague, strike where I will I can't please you."

### MAXIMS.

REPROOF should not exhaust its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently against the incursions of vice, and leave sloppery and faultiness to die of themselves. That which commonly hinders us from shewing the openness of our hearts to our friends, is not so much a distrust of them, as of ourselves. There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress; and these are able to encounter emergencies, and to bear up under the changes to which our lives are subject.

## MORALIST.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul:  
Sweetener of life, and saviour of society  
I owe thee much. Thou hast deliver'd from me,  
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
Oh! have I prov'd the labors of thy love,  
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,  
Anxious to please-----

FRIENDSHIP the balm of life to every honest heart, which time strengthens, misfortune purifies, superior to fate, and forerunner of the passions. For what do we not find consolation in a friend? Love cools; pleasure has its periods; riches make to themselves wings and fly away; reputation vanishes; as years advance mankind retire from our company; we insensibly become strangers in the world; society feels not our loss; we seek for an asylum from the tediousness of age and find it in friendship---We mingle our last tears with her sympathetic streams, and commit to her tenderness the care to scatter ours on our tomb.

## NEW NOVELS.

For sale at J. Harrison's Book Store, no. 3 Peck-slip,  
THE NUN,  
By Diderot.

THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY,  
An Historical Novel.

CAROLINE of LITCHFIELD,  
From the French---By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

MAURICE:  
A German Tale---By Mr. SCHULTZ.

DESMOND.  
By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TRIALS OF THE HUMAN HEART.  
By Mrs. ROWSON.

NETLEY ABBEY.  
A Gothic Story.

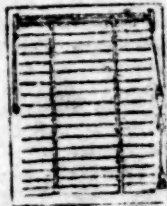
EDWARD:  
VARIOUS VIEWS OF HUMAN NATURE.  
By the Author of Zelucos.

CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNEAYNE.  
A Highland Story---By ANN RADCLIFFE.

FORTUNATE DISCOVERY:  
Or the History of Henry Villars.

INFIDELITY,  
Or the Victims of Sentiment:

## WINDOW BLINDS.



THE subscriber returns his most grateful thanks to the public, and his friends in particular, for past favors, and hopes for the continuance of the same, as he continues to carry on the Window Blind Manufactory, at no 5 Robinson Street, opposite the College, New-York, where he has a large assortment now on hand.

He has also imported the best Trimmings from Europe, and hopes to give full satisfaction, as he can answer any orders from city or country, at the shortest notice, with neatness, lower than the market price.

N. B. An elegant assortment of good and fashionable Cabinet Furniture, at the above ware room. Various sorts of Fancy Chairs made in the best manner, some of which have Bamboo backs and Cane bottoms, in elegant style. Also, all kinds of Gaming Tables

31--1f

JOSEPH FULLER.

## SPECIFIC LOTION.

FOR diseases of the skin, herpetic affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is so prevalent in both sexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long standing, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and house pupil under Mr. Bucke for six years. Sold by appointment at Messrs Telford and Co's, Druggists, no. 85 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal store, no. 208 Water street, New-York; and also at Mr Robert Stafford's druggist, no. 36 Market street, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each.

This Lotion is approved of by the most eminent of the profession, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquisition to medicine, being a certain specific remedy for the great variety of obdurate and violent diseases to which mankind are subject, under the common denomination of Scorbute, &c. also in every case where the patient is afflicted with either Inflammation, Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflammatory Ulcers, and a variety of symptoms attending an impure and diseased state of the skin. This Specific Lotion, besides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly safe in its use, and is not injurious to the tenderest constitution, or the most delicate complexion.

Its efficacy arises from its possessing a moderate stimulating power, which excites a reaction in the stagnated vessels, relieving obstructed perspiration, and by this means eradicates the morbid and viscid matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its first use, causing a small degree of heat to be thrown off.

Thus simply, speedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obstruction, impurity, and disease of the skin, without producing any unpleasant symptoms. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, washed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, first taking care to shake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately washed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the most surprising relief; but the quantity that may be necessary to use, must depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been standing.

14--1f

## J. GREENWOOD, SURGEON DENTIST.

No. 3 Church-Street, directly behind St Paul's Church, CONTINUES to make and fix artificial teeth, in many different ways, and at moderate prices. He has a particular way of cleaning and whitening the teeth, that does not give the least pain, and at the same time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish, with directions, if followed, which will keep them white, sound, and free from pain during life.

N. B. The very low charges from what is commonly demanded for operations on the teeth, must be satisfactory to every person who pleases to employ him.

Mr Greenwood advises parents who wish that their children should have a good set of teeth, to call on him or any other person skilled in the practice on the teeth, as he presumes they will give their advice gratis, which is his custom, and if followed, will be the means of preserving them from destruction.

Powders proper for the teeth and gums may be had at the Stores of Stillwell and De Forest, no. 159 Pearl Street, Cook and Co. no. 133 William Street, and at the house of the operator, no. 3 Church-Street, behind St Paul's church.

31--1f

By Order of the Hon. Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the City of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of John Bayler, an Insolvent Debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said Recorder, at his chambers, situate in Broadway, in the city of New-York, on the 21st day of September next, at ten o'clock in the morning, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and be discharged according to the directions of the act entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated this 31st day of July, 1798.

JOHN BAYLER, Insolvent.  
Alexander Anderson and others, Petitioning Creditors.

14--6w

## PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

JOHN HARRISON,  
No. 3 Peck-Slip.